Miſ.Pa. Why your husband woman is coming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman, that he ſaies
Is hid in this houſe: his wifes ſweet-heart.
Miſ.For. Speake louder. But I hope tis not true Miſtris *Page*.
Miſ.Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you haue any heere, away with him, or y'are vndone for euer.
Mi.For. Alaſſe Miſtris *Page*, what ſhall I do?
Heeres a gentleman my Friend, how ſhall I do?
Miſ.Page. Gods body woman, do not ſtand what ſhall I do, and what ſhall I do. Better any ſhift, rather then you ſhamed. Looke here, heere's a Buck-basket, if he be a man of any reaſonable ſize, hee'l in heere.
Miſ.For. Alaſſe, I feare he is to big.
Fal. Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell.
Miſ.Page. Fie ſir *Iohn*, is this your loue? Go too.
Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come heere more.

Sir Iohn goes into the Basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Prieſt, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heere? Whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.
Miſ.Ford. Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Foord.

Ford. Buck, good bucke, pray come along,
Maſter *Page*, take my keyes: helpe to ſearch.
Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little,
A little, ile ſhew you all.
Sir Hu. By Ieſhu theſe are iealouſies & diſtempers.

Exit omnes.

Miſ:Page. He is in a pittifull taking.
Miſ:Foord. I wonder what he thought
When my husband bad them ſet downe the basket.
Miſ:Page. Hang him diſhoneſt ſlaue, we cannot vſe
Him bad enough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealouſie.
Miſ:For. Alas poore ſoule, it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him ceaſe
His iealous fits, if *Falſtaffes* loue increaſe.
M:Page. Nay we will ſend to *Falſtaffe* once againe,
Tis great pitty we ſhould leaue him ſo:
What, wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
M:For. Shall we be condemnd becauſe we laugh?
Tis old, but true; ſtill ſowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

M:Pa. Here comes your husband, ſtand aſide.
For. I can finde no body within, it may be he lyed.
Miſ:Page. Did you heare that?
Miſ: Ford. I, I, peace.
For. Well, ile not let it go ſo, yet ile try further.
Sir Hu. By Ieſhu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the Cuberts, or the Preſſe, or the Buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God pleſſe me:
You ſerue me well, do you not?
Page. Fie M. *Ford*, you are too blame.

Miſ: